

VOL. LXVIII. No. 1753.

PUCK BUILDING. New York, October 5th, 1910.
Copyright, 1910, by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE LAW OF GRAVITATION.

IT WAS AN AIRSHIP, AND NOT AN APPLE AS POPULARLY SUPPOSED, THAT GAVE SIR ISAAC NEWTON HIS CLUE.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
295-300 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1753. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1910.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor.

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

THE TRUE LINCOLN AT LAST. A REPUBLICAN politician, one of the practical kind, said recently in reference to the split between the Progressives and the

Stand-Patters: "This is a fight to maintain the principles of the party for which the older Republicans fought under ABRAHAM LINCOLN." From what this practical man said further, there can be no doubt that the present day Stand-Patters, and they alone, are the sole Republicans who have been true to the standards of Honest ABE. Other people may quote LINCOLN upon occasion, but it takes a Stand-Patter to give to the quotation, or to the mere reference, that convincing earnestness which betokens deep regard, even reverence. The school-boy, plugging at his history, gets a notion of LINCOLN which at best is incomplete. He pictures him as "the Great Emancipator," occupied first with such problems as the mooted extension of slavery, and later with the conduct of a great war. He pictures him as a strong, plain man, physically uncouth, rude in dress. He doesn't see him—the school-books do not teach what the Stand-Patters know so well—that LINCOLN was a reactionary, that he believed in a monopoly tariff, that he was an advocate of Privilege in all its forms, that he had no sympathy with popular elections of public officials, and that his greatest utterance was "With malice toward none and the pork-barrel for all." As for his physical appearance, it is a mistake to think of LINCOLN as tall and raw-boned, with a thin face and deep-set eyes. We are quite convinced that the painters

and the sculptors who have given him to us in bronze and on canvas are wrong. LINCOLN, we are sure, must have been sleek and fat, with a ruddy face, gray side-whiskers, and in all probability wore a shiny silk hat and a diamond stud. In short, he was the little acorn from which have grown such great Stand-Pat oaks as SHERMAN, ALDRICH, HALE, and BALDINGER.

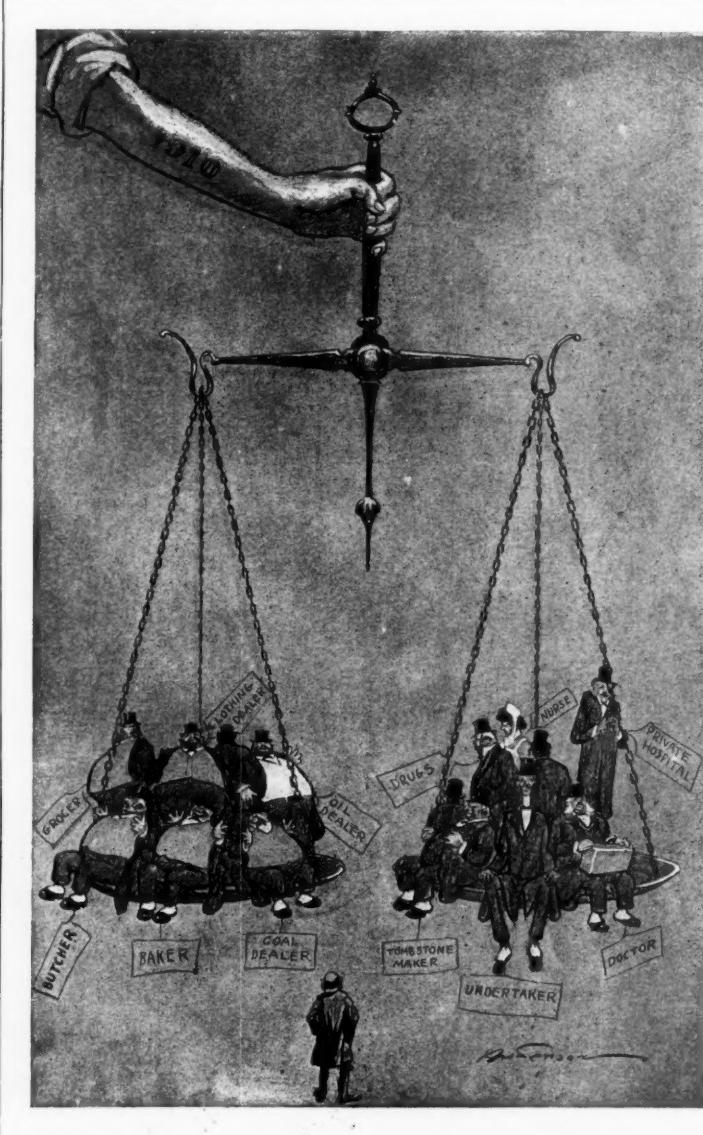
"A REPUBLICAN setback in November, if it comes, will call a halt on enterprise, will check the business revival, will close mills, and reduce hundreds of thousands of workers to idleness."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Have n't you forgotten something? The crops, for example. Their part in the show is to rot in the ground, is it not?

"WHEN England took over the task of reforming the country and strengthening the Khedival authority in 1882 the promise was given that as soon as this was accomplished she would get out of the country."—*J. Abellina of Cairo*.

That's what they all say.

WE will favor the formation of a Grand Opera Trust on one condition only. A prohibitive tariff on foreign singers must be added by Congress to the PAYNE-ALDRICH law. As things are now, cheap foreign tenors, sopranos, and contraltos come over here annually and warble for much less than an American singer, with his American standard of living, can afford to accept; sometimes as little as two thousand dollars per night. After they have saved a few green and yellow-backs, they then return home, like the Chinese.



HOBSON'S CHOICE.

TO LIVE, OR NOT TO LIVE: THAT IS THE QUESTION!

PUCK



HOLDING HIM DOWN.

DOCTOR.—You must be operated upon directly! Not a day's delay!
JONES.—Hold on, Doc! Stick to your automobile! Don't begin thinking about a flying-machine!

COURTESY.



MAN may be Extremely Bad—
A Pirate and a Skin;
But that, belike, is just his Fad,—
You must n't rub it in.

Though Fraud and Treason both combine
To make his Record sable,
No Decent Person will decline
To sit with him at table.

Reproof or Rude Demeanor would
But add to his distress;
A Friendly Smile will make him Good,—
Toujours la politesse!

Arthur Guiterman.

GETTING TO THEM.

WHEN women vote we may expect electioneering "ads." something like this:
Ladies! We beg your attention to our new stock of Political Nominees, now on the market and ready for your approval. Our Congressmen—as handsome, durable, and *chic* as can be put on the market for the price. The very latest thing in President and Vice, "Smiling Bill" Raft and Reggie De Vere Butts—approved by the smartest sets in London and Paris. You would n't wear a last year's hat—then why vote for a last-century Senator? Our candidate is the latest design, and will be all the rage this winter in exclusive society. Have you seen our candidate for Coroner? If you have not, you don't know what you have missed—as dainty, sweet, and fluffy as the finest lingerie, yet strong and dependable as a cowhide boot. Just look over our assortment of Assemblymen—it is a pleasure to show them. Some exquisite patterns in Aldermen—the rush is on now—now is the time to make your selections. Don't go to other parties and be robbed. Come in here.

C. M. W.

Some people exhibit their ingenuity in their methods of making fools of themselves.

BI-AND-BUY.

'T IS very plain I'd buy a bi-plane, were they not so deuced high; But they are dropping every day, So by-and-by a bi I'll buy.

PRECEDENT LACKING.

A DAM, returning from a distant part of Eden, overheard voices, and peering through the bushes distinctly saw the Old Serpent feeding Eve an apple.

"Oh, what shall I do?" exclaimed our first father, in a great quandary.

The unwritten law, it will be borne in mind, was not yet invented, otherwise he might have rushed in with a club or something and changed the whole course of human history.

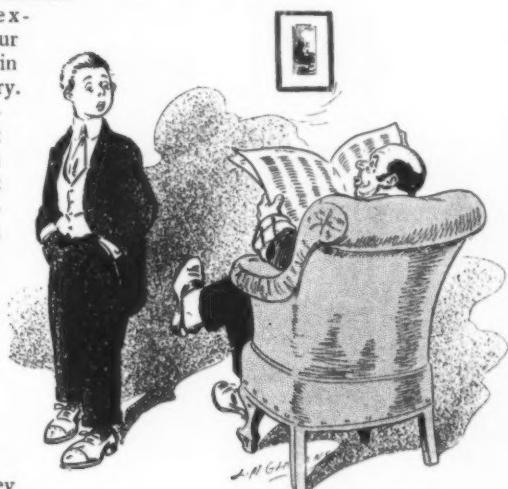
PATIENCE

THOUGH the Virtues looked rather cold and pinched sitting thus, they were quite pretty, after their own fashion. But all at once one of them jumped up and left the room, slamming the door behind her.

"That," whispered a voice at our elbow, "is Patience."

"Indeed! What is the significance of her very singular conduct?"

"Hush! The fact is, it keeps her so busy ceasing to be a virtue, these days, that she is about worn out. The Gods are expecting to lose her altogether almost any day."



A BUST, ANYWAY.

MOTORTON, SR.—You kept the car out rather late last evening, son. What delayed you?

MOTORTON, JR.—Had a blowout, Dad.

MOTORTON, SR.—H'm! Tire or roadhouse?



A LOVER OF HORSEFLESH.

"I take lots of pleasure out of horses. I enjoy them more and more."

"Thought you preferred an auto?"

"I do! But it's such bully sport seeing horses shy, rear, run away, and all that sort of thing!"

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF FASHIONABLE ATTIRE.



THE SUMMER-GIRL:
UP AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.



THE WINTER-GIRL:
DOWN AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.

I O U.

How, what a happy world 't would be, an Eden quite invidious!
If it were not for the I O U's!
Or . . . what a wretched race of men . . . how utterly
perfidious!
If it were not for the I O U's!
True that there are viewpoints various
(Just as men are multifarious),
But (here is the point precarious!)
It depends on whose the I O U's!

When people find that they have made investments
injudicious,
Then they're ready with their I O U's.
When markets which they dared to play have proven
inauspicious,
Then they're ready with their I O U's.
Though their needs were quite commodious,
And your good coin clinked melodious,
Yet you'll find your calls are odious,
When you seek the cash for I O U's.

When you've turned a man a favor, then his thanks are ceremonious—
Oh, the precious verbal I O U's!
But if Fate reverses cases you may find him querulous—
Oh, those precious verbal I O U's!
Some assume an air loquacious,
Others feign the mood pugnacious,
More will deem you most audacious
To recall their verbal I O U's.

If the fond and foolish lover (though the maiden prove capricious)
Fain would pay imagined I O U's;
If the coy and artless maiden (knowing him as avaricious)
Fain would pay imagined I O U's;
If . . . if with the sign propitious
They should prove the joys delicious
Tasting kisses surreptitious—
Pray, who would not pay his I O U's?

Louis Schneider.

USUAL TENANTS.

LANDLORD (*of Palace Hotel, Yaphank*).—There ain't a vacant
store to be had in this here hull town, b' gosh!
STRANGER.—Great Scott! And are they all doing business?
LANDLORD (*puzzled*).—All what?
STRANGER.—All the moving-picture shows, of course.

SISTER EGGBY'S INTRODUCTION.

THE lady who was ushered into the presence of the Rev. A. Bartholomew St. Clyde on the morning of his busiest day was elderly and aggressive looking. She carried an umbrella, a Boston bag, a lunch-box with many strands of pink cord around it, and a wilted geranium plant in an earthen pot.

"I have a letter of introduction from an old friend of yours," she said as she produced the letter.

"Yes. Be seated, please," said the Rev. St. Clyde, as he gave her a chair, and then read the following letter:

WINDY CORNERS, INDIANA, Sept. 3, 19—.

DEAR BROTHER ST. CLYDE:—No doubt you will be a good deal surprised to receive this letter which will be handed to you by Sister Adaline Eggby, who is going to spend a week in New York where she does not know any one, and it is for that reason that I am giving her a letter to you, knowing as I do your kind heart and how pleased you always were to do a favor when you lived here in Windy Corners twenty years ago. Sister Eggby was not a member of our church then, but is now one of our most active members and has heard us all talk so much about you that she feels as if she knew you, and if it is so you can entertain her during the week she is to be in your midst she and I would both appreciate it very much. We are all pleased to know that you have worked up to be the pastor of a large New York church, and it must be quite a change from your pastorate here in Windy Corners just after your graduation. There have been a good many changes in the twenty years since you were here, but many are still left who remember you, and Sister Eggby will tell you all about them. She desires to do a good deal of shopping while she is in New York, and wants especially to get a real good rain-coat and a nice

"A STERN AND ROCK-BOUND COAST."



A commuter is a man with an eternal necessity for catching trains.

PUCK

black-silk dress-pattern for herself, besides a number of things a few of us are taking the opportunity of sending to New York for, including a nice feather boa I want her to get for me and a good knitted jacket Sister Peevy wants. You will remember Sister Peevy. She played the organ the year you were here, and you will be sorry to hear that her father, Deacon Peevy, passed away some nine years ago. As I have said before, there have been many changes. Still, you would see some familiar faces if you came here, as we would be glad to have you do at any time. Sister Eggby desires to look up a second cousin of hers named Smith living somewhere in New York. She has not heard from him for some fifteen years, but he was living in New York the last she heard from him, and Sister Eggby will appreciate it if you will help her find him. He was in the butter-and-egg business the last she heard. A distant relative of mine named Brown is also a resident of New York, and I have given Sister Eggby a letter to him which I hope you will assist her to deliver. I do not know his address, but his first name is William. His grandfather married a half-sister of my grandfather and we have always called ourselves cousins, although of course we are not. Cousin William's wife had relatives in New York named Hopkins and perhaps you can find him through them. Sister Eggby desires to go to the Hippodrome if you think it is a place such as a Christian should frequent. Otherwise she will refrain from going, as she desires to avoid even the appearance of evil and is willing and glad to be directed by you in her going and coming while she is a member of your household. It will interest you to know that she is now president of our Ladies' Mission Band, which is now engaged in filling a barrel to be sent to the Fiji Islands. Possibly your dear wife might have something she would desire to put in the barrel. If so, Sister Eggby would



TIME EVENS ALL THINGS.

CITYVITE (whose runabout has been demolished).—What hit me?
FARMER.—No offense. I hope ye ain't hurted much. I guess ye'll remember me as th' feller whose wagon ye busted a year ago, hey?

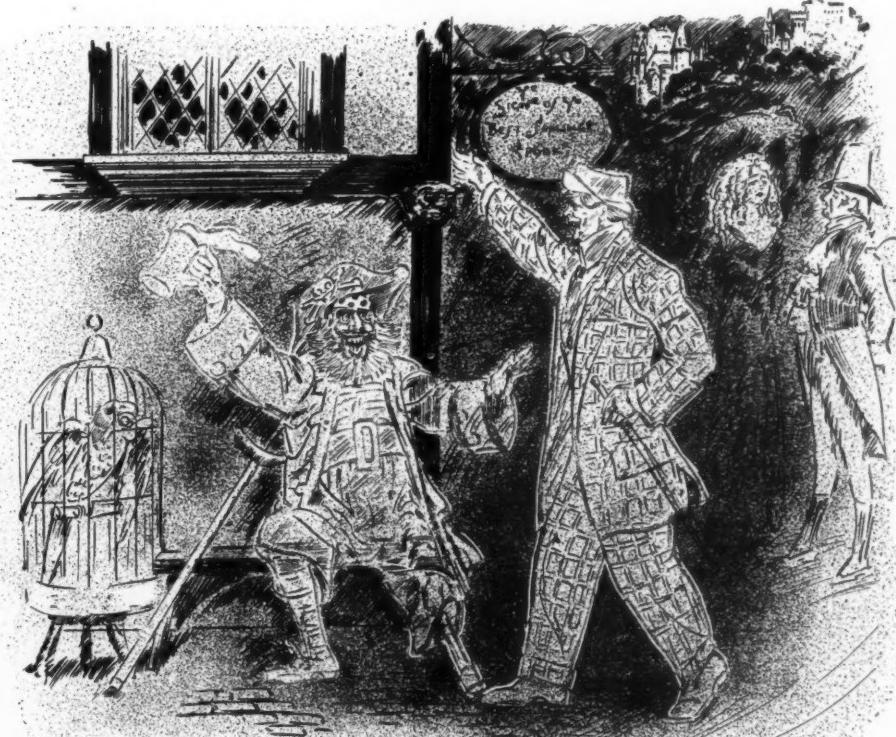
be only too glad to receive it. As you are a minister we have thought that you might be able to buy things at a discount there in New York, and if you can we would all appreciate it if you would let Sister Eggby make her purchases in your name.

As I said before, there have been many changes since you were here. Brother Beezly passed away eight years ago and you will regret to know that he left his widow in poor circumstances. It will pain you to know that two or three who were converted under your preaching have not held out, and one in particular is in the penitentiary for life. We shall all be so eager to hear what Sister Eggby has to tell us after she returns from her week or ten days with you. If things go on well at home she may stay two weeks with you, but it will be best for you not to count on that as you might be disappointed, for she may not be able to stay but a week for reasons she can tell you. There is much more I could write, but Sister Eggby will tell you all the news. We would all be glad to have you return here as our pastor, but I suppose you would hardly care to consider a call to us. We now pay our pastor \$425.00 a year, with two donation parties and his firewood. He makes about sixty dollars a year off his chickens and he canvasses some for a book and his wife is agent for a soap company and gives music lessons, so they get along very nicely. They have eight very interesting children, but I will say confidentially that some are beginning to think that Brother Pepply—that is his name—has outlived his usefulness and that a change would be desirable. But I would not wish you to repeat this as coming from me.

If you *should* be thinking of a change I believe we could raise the salary to five hundred, although I cannot speak officially. With love to all I am,

"Yours affectionately, MARY ELIZA DODDBY."

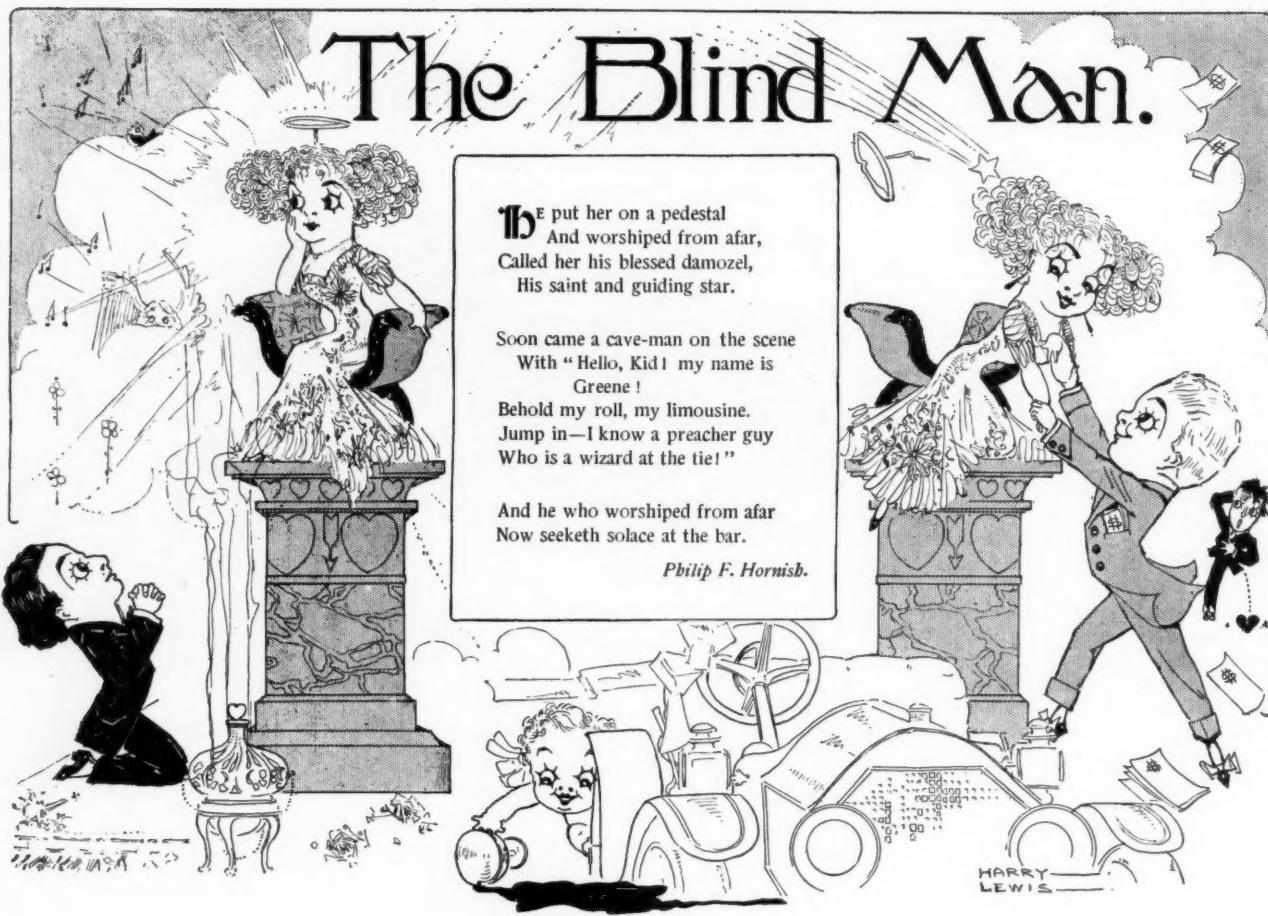
"P. S.—I am sending you a potted geranium plant by dear Sister Eggby." *M. M.*



JOLLY.

They met in the Hereafter of Fiction. "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest!" bellowed Stevenson's Pirate.

"Ha! Jolly old football song, that!" exclaimed the hero of the college novel which, though recent, was already dead.



HER USEFUL 'PHONE.

USEFUL? My dear, you simply cannot know how useful a 'phone is until you have had one in the house a few weeks. I used to think that I didn't care for one, but now nothing in the world could induce me to be without one. They are so useful. Now just take today: Sister May called me up early this morning and told me all about her new hat, and Mrs. Gaddyr rang me up and told me all about Mrs. Lillypad's bridge that I could n't attend because of a perfectly dreadful toothache. Then I rang up my husband's mother and told her all about the baby's new tooth, and she told me what to do if it seemed to pain him. Then I rang Cousin Nettie up and she told me all about her two weeks in the country, and I had hardly put up the receiver before Mrs. Tattler rang me up and told me the straight of that story that is going around about George DeSmythe and his wife intending to separate, and . . . Oh yes! I rang up my husband twice and told him not to forget to buy some things I told him to be sure and not to forget when he left home this morning. You know how forgetful men are. Then my husband rang me up to tell me that he could not come home this evening until the 6:10 train instead of the 5:54, and Sister Belle rang me up and told me about a letter she had had from our Aunt Eleanor who was coming to visit us next month, but she isn't coming now because she is going out to California. Then I rang the doctor up to ask him what I should do in case the baby's new tooth made him feverish, and then . . . Oh, that is our ring 'now! Please excuse me for a moment! . . . It was just the secretary

of our reading club telling me that she had sent me a postal-card asking me to be sure and come to the meeting on Friday. You see just how useful the 'phone is. Such a time-saver. It's really both time and money in one's pocket to have a 'phone in the house, don't you think?

Max Merriman.



THE COST OF LIVING.

McCLUBBER.—The footpad said "Money or your life!" so I gave him two dollars.

MRS. MCCLUBBER.—Huh! You're always getting stuck, Billy!

No man is born clothed, but almost none fails of having clothes thrust upon him, to the end that he spends all his life achieving clothedness.

PUCK

NO USE.

OH MEN, upon a windy day
Don't hang about dear old Broadway
And Twenty-third, just to suppose
You'll see some fascinating hose;
Don't let your eyes expectant gloat,—
The hobble-skirt has got your goat!

C. M. W.

HE CAME BACK.

DAST the protesting elevator-man and the equally indignant office-boy he had forced his way square up to the desk of the managing editor. There was a fire in his eye—a fire re-echoed in his scarlet necktie and red-ringed socks.

"Yes sir," he announced with angry precision, "I've come back! Just becuz Jeffries could n't come back I s'pose you thought nobody could n't. You had an idee you could go right on buncoing folks without anybody saying 'Boo!' There's my card. I'm the darn fool that's been taking your paper for the last thirty years."

"Really, Mr. a—a—Judson, I'm not acquainted with the subscription lists."

"You ain't? I s'pose you'll say you don't remember a letter I wrote you a year ago when I got that twenty-five thousand dollars left me?"

"H'm—a—"

"Oh, you do remember it, do ye? And maybe you remember that I wrote I was going to spend the money looking up the things I'd read about in your paper for the last thirty years?"

"Did you do it?"

"Did I do it! The first place I went to was Northampton, Massachusetts. Do you remember the piece you printed in '91 about Northampton, Massachusetts?"

"It was n't a strike, was it?"

"No sir, it was n't a strike, nor a fire, nor a cyclone. It was a piece about a girl that had slept steady for eight weeks without a bite to eat."

"Well, was she awake when you got there?"

"No sir, she was n't awake when I got there, and she was n't asleep neither—she was n't nowhere. And when I ast the people that lived in Northampton all their lives what do you s'pose they told me?"

"I have n't an idea."

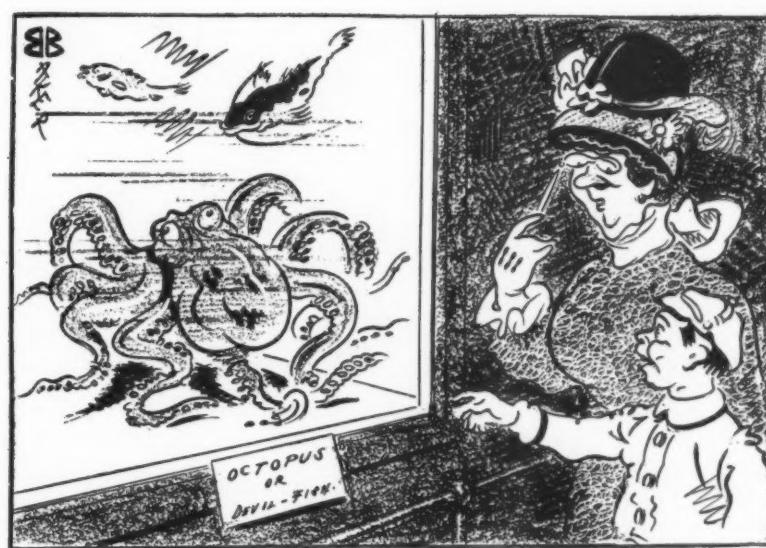
"They says that girl never lived there at all; that there never was such a girl; and that nobody ever heard of her except in your paper."



ON THE RIALTO.

LEADING JUVENILE.—What's got Greesepayn's goat? Has he a grouch against some manager?

LEADING HEAVY.—Far from it, me boy! He's been engaged to do *Simon Legree* in the all-star production of *Uncle Tom*, and he's learning to walk the part!



THE FIRST THOUGHT.

BOBY.—Say, Ma: I wonder how many cigarettes he could manage to roll at one time with all them feelers!

"I'm sorry," said the editor, hoping to stem the tirade.

"I'll make you sorrier before I get through with ye. Do you remember that piece you published in '86 about the spring in Big Bend, Arkansas, that ran lemon phosphate?"

"Can't say I recall exactly—"

"Don't matter. I can prove it becuz I've got the clipping in my scrap-book. Well, Big Bend was the first place I went."

"What was the matter? Did the spring run wild cherry?"

"No sir, nor tame cherry, nor sarsaparilly, nor chocolate ice-cream soda. There ain't a spring in town, and when I ast folks about it they laffed, yes sir, they laffed."

"I deeply regret—"

"And in Peaberry, Illinois, Amos Wilkins took a shotgun to me when I dropped in to inquire about the buried treasure that you says he dug up in his orchard in 'nineteen-fif. So many folks had ast him about the treasure he'd never found that he'd gone clean out of his head."

"But fortunately you escaped?"

"Yes sir, I escaped to find that there ain't any fisherman by the name of Terwilliger Botts at Newburyport, and that he never saw no sea-serpent; that haunted house out in Vermilion, South Dakota, never was haunted; and the escaped menagerie near Tucson, Arizona, did n't escape at all. There never was a wild man at Paterson, New Jersey; Susie Willets at Sun Prairie, Nebrasky, never even saw an eagle, and you says she was carried off by one. Richard J. Jensen at the University of Minnesota did n't invent a machine to undress him, and Lottie Le Rou, the well-known showgirl, does n't carry around four young boa-constrictors to play with between acts. But I ain't mean, Mr. Editor. I'm going to give you a true piece to write up in your paper. Just have somebody write down this: 'At the age of sixty-five Oscar F. Judson, of Oskowee, Wis., begun licking editors—'" And if the religious editor and the foreman had n't happened in, Mr. Judson would have begun very well indeed.

Horatio Winslow.



AS ADVERTISED.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD CHILD CAN RUN IT.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE WALLS OF J



WALLS OF JERICHO.

PUCK

THE HEAD AND THE STOMACH.

(BEING AESOP, DONE ON BOTH SIDES.)

HEAD.—At last! This is the solution!
STOMACH.—O Lord! He's at it again!
HEAD.—This article (*nodding gratefully at the latest copy of a "health" magazine*) makes the dietary problem as clear as crystal.
STOMACH.—And probably as succulent! (*In a loud voice:*) Say, old man, what have you got now?
HEAD.—Hello, is that you, my boy? I didn't know you were listening.



AMENDED.

THE PARSON.—Doan' set up youah puny knowledge ag'in de Almighty's. He knows moah dan you does, moah dan Ah does, moahn' anybody on dishyer earth does —

THE JUNIOR DEACON.—How 'bout Teddy Roosevelt?

THE PARSON.—Reckon Ah made mah statement a mite too broad.

HEAD.—Come, now; don't talk that way. I know what's for your good.

STOMACH (*bitterly*).—Yes; you said that several times before. I've been fed à la This Fellow and à la That Fellow, and I'm sick of it. First I got "Scientific Diet for the Unscientific"—and I got weak and dizzy, and so did you. Then you took on "Short Sermons on Mastication," and I leave it to you if it didn't leave me sick and you silly. And now it's going to be a Raw Food Table, is it? Well, it is n't. I won't stand it. I'll quit; then where will you be?

HEAD.—Now, see here—you must listen to reason. Here I am, spending the greatest part of my waking hours —

STOMACH.—Sometimes I think we'd both be better off if you did n't have any waking hours.

HEAD (*ignoring this remark*).—Figuring out a diet based on reason, not on glutinous habitual desires. I've read all the text-books on the subject. I read all the latest discoveries of science as soon as

STOMACH.—No, I suppose not. Somehow you don't take me into your confidence as you used to. But what's this new one? Let's hear it, and then go to dinner.

HEAD.—Dinner! That's all you think of. Will you never get over those useless habits? Well then, this article is by a diet expert —

STOMACH.—What's he know about food?

HEAD.—Have the decency to listen, and you'll hear. He has declared, now and for evermore, for the "Raw Food Table" — nuts, fruit, and water.

Nothing else. He says that this reform, universally adopted, means the millennium.

STOMACH.—Means the millennium! Seems to me I've heard that word somewhere. Well, I suppose one good millennium deserves another. But you're not serious about this matter of nuts, fruits, and water instead of food? I won't stand it.

HEAD.—Come, now; don't talk



INCONSIDERATE.

ININDIGANT OLD GENT.—Are n't you ashamed to sit there and let a woman with a bundle stand?

HAZY CITIZEN.—'Shamed? No! Can't yer shee I gotter package myself!

they are off the press. Heaven knows I try to do my best for you, and you gróán and rebel against my every effort. What do you want, anyway?

STOMACH (*brightening up with a vision*).—You might start with a nice, large, juicy steak.

HEAD.—Steak! There you go again. Don't you know that every piece of flesh food you get is like so much poison? Don't you know that meat contains urea, uric acid, creatin, creatinin, leukomain, and other p o i s o n o u s compounds? I can prove this easily by placing meat in a jar and keeping it in a warm place for a day or two —

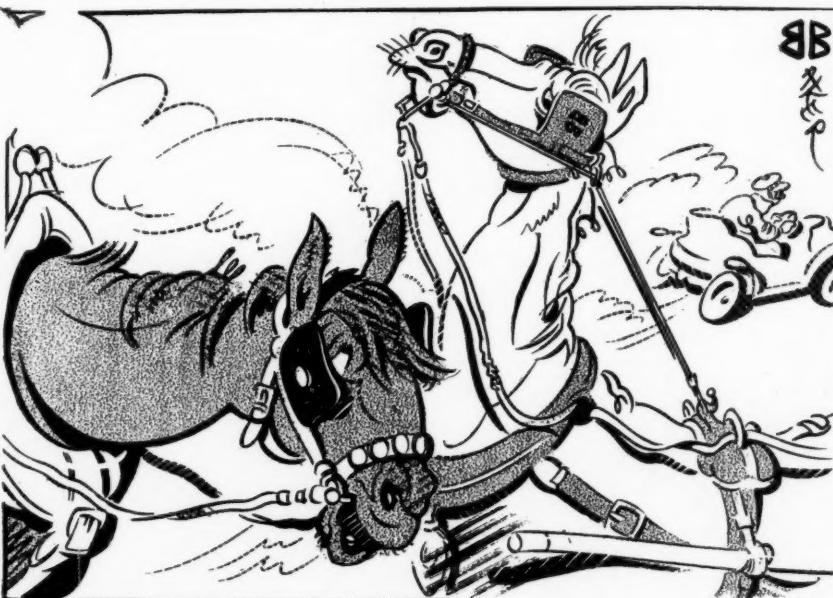
STOMACH.—But why place it in a jar? I did n't ask you to do that. Try placing it in me.

HEAD.—And poison you? Never-r-r!

STOMACH.—Well, I'm a sport. Let's try it, just once more. That's a good fellow.

HEAD.—Listen! Consider the ox. Look upon his rugged figure, his well-rounded limbs. Observe the tremendous power in his muscles. He eats no meat. He is a vegetarian, pure and simple.

STOMACH.—That's fine—but we're not an ox. We're



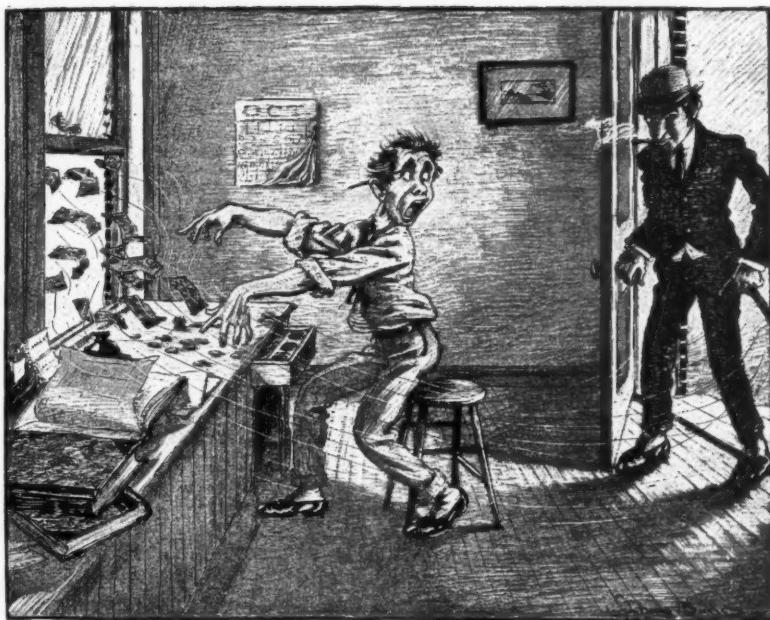
A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

THE DRAY HORSE.—Don't you wish the S. P. C. A. would abolish those torturing check-reins?

THE COB.—I should say not! Why I don't catch half the gasolene fumes that you do!

Of all the bromidioms said in a dub way, the oldest is this: "It is hot in the Subway!"

PUCK



TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES;
THE DOLLARS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES!

a man. At least I thought so until you began these strange actions. Sometimes I think, nowadays, that we're a laboratory. Besides, you say the ox is a vegetarian, and you don't intend to be even that, according to your latest expert. You're going to give me nuts and fruit and garden truck.

HEAD.—H'm, that's so. Well, of course, we want to advance beyond a mere ox. We've got nobler, better work to do in the world.

STOMACH.—We'll never do it on nuts, believe me.

HEAD.—You're unreasonable. You ask for things because you have been used to them, regardless of their fitness. It's habit—simply habit.

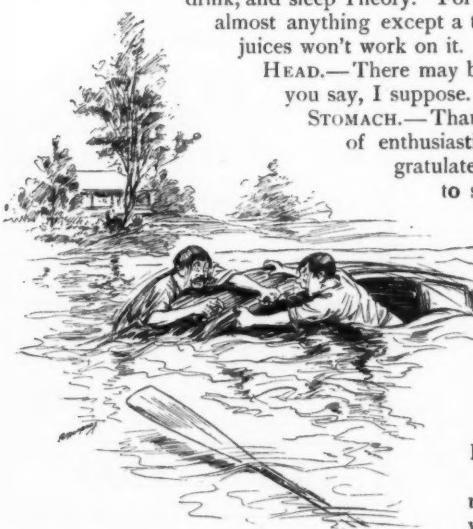
STOMACH.—You're still wearing a derby hat, I notice. That's a habit. Listen to me a minute, friend. A man who thinks he is sick is the easiest game for a One-Idea Person in the world. He will clutch at the most outrageous proposals from anyone who happens to be prescribing panaceas for the world on the basis of a half-digested theory which barely worked out in a dozen particular cases. There are thousands of propagandists going around with the single refrain: "You are sick; I can make you well!" Some of them want a fee for this service; some want merely to sell a book; others want only the satisfaction of their vanity. They all do good in one thing—they make heads like ours think a little. Follow them further than that, and you will find yourself pursuing a fad, and attaching yourself to a band of well-meaning but deluded people who eat, drink, and sleep Theory. For my part, I can digest almost anything except a theory. The gastric juices won't work on it.

HEAD.—There may be something in what you say, I suppose.

STOMACH.—Thank you for that burst of enthusiastic applause. I congratulate you on being able to say as much. Now, what do you say about a nice little dinner—not a mountain of food—but a well-varied dinner of the kind we used to use?

HEAD (*reluctantly*).—Chiefly meat, I suppose?

STOMACH.—Oh well, not necessarily. But we've been a long time away from a good mutton chop. How would that go?



ON THE PARK LAKE.

"I guess you learned to row in the same Correspondence School that I did!"

HEAD.—I'm ready to do almost anything. I'm at my wits' end.

STOMACH (*to itself*).—At his wits' end! That's not very far, but it's something. Anyhow (*excitedly*) I believe we're traveling toward a restaurant! I feel it! (*More excitedly*.) Yes; we are! (*With unholy joy*.) We're sitting down at a table! What's that I hear . . . ?

HEAD.—Waiter!

Freeman Tilden.

INDISPENSABLE.

THREE camels presented themselves at the dock where the Ark was tied up, whereas but two animals of a kind had been called for.

"One of you fellows will have to step aside!" shouted Noah, very peremptorily.

But the three ships of the desert smiled knowingly.

"I," said the first of them, "am the camel which shall pass through the eye of a needle sooner than a rich man shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

"I," said the second, "am the camel which so many people swallow while straining at a gnat."

"And I," said the third and last, "am the camel whose back was broken by the last straw."

Whereupon Noah, perceiving that posterity could ill spare any of these, and would be lost for illustrations without them, graciously made an exception in their favor.

THE BLOW.

"PA," asked the Squam Corners grocer's little boy, "what are trade winds?"

"Just wait, Lester," replied the merchant. "There'll be a drummer in here pretty soon trying to sell me something I ain't got any use for—and then you'll find out."



THE PLUMBER'S PIPE-DREAM.

ONE OF THE SURE SIGNS OF APPROACHING WINTER.



EYES HATH SHE, BUT
SHE SEES NOT.

PARIS GARTERS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

NO METAL
can touch you



YEAR ROUND
COMFORT

25¢, 50¢, \$1.00.
Dealers or direct
upon receipt of price

A. STEIN & CO. Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave.
Chicago.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Bleeker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE : 20 Beekman Street, N. Y.

All kinds of Paper made to order.

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

THE RETORT.

MRS. BIZZEV.—I notice you're cleaning house, Mrs. Newcome, and I was afraid you might throw your rubbish out on the back lot. We don't do that sort of thing here—

MRS. NEWCOME.—I burned all our rubbish in the furnace this morning, Mrs. Bizzey, including a book on Etiquette, which I might have saved for you.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"THE man died eating water-melons," someone said to Brother Dickey.

"Yes suh," he said, "Providence sometimes puts us in Paradise befo' we gits ter heaven." — *Atlanta Constitution*.

W. L. DOUGLAS HAND-SEWN SHOES

MEN'S \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 & \$5.00
WOMEN'S \$2.50, \$3, \$3.50, \$4

BOYS' \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas' name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom — value guaranteed.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. DOUGLAS, 167 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



AN UNEXPECTED TRANSFORMATION



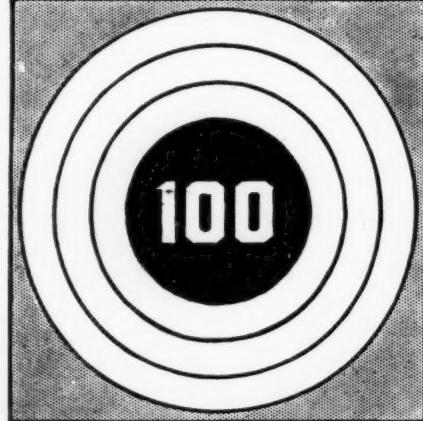
I.

A bottle of Abbott's Bitters should be on every table to serve with the soup course. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Pears'

Pears' Soap is not medicated: just good, pure soap. Contains no free alkali to injure the delicate texture of the skin. Matchless for the complexion.

Established in 1789.



Hitting the Bull's Eye

BUYING fire insurance ought to be like rifle practice. The aim should be for the **Hartford**. The value of a fire insurance policy is not altogether dependent upon the promises which it contains, nor upon the financial resources back of it. Its value depends largely upon the character and methods of the company which issues it. It is for this reason that we place the **Hartford** as the bull's eye of the insurance target.

You aim for the best when you select a bank or take a partner in business. Why not do this in fire insurance?

Aiming for the **Hartford** and getting it gives you the perfect score. It costs no more in effort to aim for this perfect insurance: it costs no more in money to get a **Hartford** policy.

Our aim in this advertising is to get property owners to use the same foresight about fire insurance that they do about other business matters. We will register a high score if we succeed.

As a property owner who ought to have the best insurance, demand a **Hartford** policy. Aim for the bull's eye. A little steady persistence and the prize is yours. Aim now by using this coupon.



Name of Agent or Broker

Address

When my fire insurance expires, please see that I get a policy in the **Hartford**.

Name _____

Address _____

1910

OUT TO-DAY!

Puck's Monthly Magazine

FOR OCTOBER

Brimful of Fun from Cover to Cover

Over Seventy Illustrations

by the

BEST COMIC ARTISTS

Price Ten Cents per Copy

All newsdealers, or by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address PUCK, NEW YORK

OUT TO-DAY!



AS
\$5.00
price are
ticed.
ur dealer
atalog.
n, Mass.



Each in itself
an attainment.

CAMBRIDGE 25c
AMBASSADOR the after-dinner size 35c

"The Little Brown Box"

Philip Morris ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes

THE CURRICULUM.

"I hear that yer son Bill is goin' t' college this winter."

"Yes, he's gone a'ready," replied Farmer Oatsbin.

"What line is he goin' t' take up?"

"I don't exactly know, but from th' tone of his letters I judge he's goin' t' take football, tennis, hammer-throwin', hurdlin', shot-puttin', an' Pi Mega Phi. What gits me is what that last thing is."—*Exchange*.

NAN.—The trouble in trying to entertain Clarence is his painful bashfulness. After you have talked yourself out there comes the inevitable awkward pause—

FAN.—Awkward pause? I should say so! Why, if he even so much as touches your hair it all comes tumblin' down!—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Now, little boys," he concluded, "what may we learn from the brutal affair at Reno?"

"Not ter scrap wit'out trainin' to de minute," responded the observant youth.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



II.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

"I.W. HARPER"

Whiskey

RICH AS CREAM PALATABLE DELICIOUS
"ON EVERY TONGUE."

BERNHARD DISTILLING CO., INCORPORATED
LOUISVILLE, KY.

CLERICAL RETORT.

In a certain church it is the custom at a marriage for the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young lady who was about to be married in the church did not relish the prospect, and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The groom did as directed.

"Well, George," said the young lady when he appeared, "did you tell the clergyman that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Oh yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that in that case he would only charge half the usual fee."—*Vanity Fair*.

POPULAR FICTION.

"Money Cheerfully Refunded if Goods Are Not Satisfactory."

"Yes, We're Distinctly Related to an English Nobleman, But We Seldom Speak of It."

"No, I Never Use It Except for Medicinal Purposes."

"Strange I Can't Call Your Name; I Know It Just as Well as My Own."

"Don't Mention It, Jones; Glad to Accommodate You."

"No Indeed, Mrs. Kicks; You Have n't Kept Us Waiting One Minute; Dinner Is Just Ready."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Be Insistent upon your Shaving Comfort.

Have
your own
soap, your
own personal
lather for your
own private shave.

Talk it over
with the man
who shaves you

You will have, if your
barber uses the sanitary
Colgate's Shaving-Powder.

Watch him sprinkle out just enough
Powder for your use—powder that has
never touched brush or skin before, fresh
and clean from its dust-proof box.

No cup-lathering is necessary, or that mussy
rubbing in the lather with the fingers. And if a
cup is used (to wet the brush) it can be washed
out completely after each shave.

Colgate's Barbers' Shaving-Powder is also rapid.
It combines with the water the instant it touches the
bristles and starts softening the beard as soon as the brush
touches the skin.

Colgate & Company, Est. 1806, New York City.

COLGATE'S BARBERS' SHAVING-POWDER

PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK.

Copyright 1910 by Keppler & Schwartzmann.



TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

By Angus MacDonald.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS.
Send Ten Cents for Catalogue with over Seventy
Miniature Reproductions. :: :: :: :: ::

Trade supplied by Grahame Publishing Co.,
17-19 Mechanic St., Newark, N.J.

Address PUCK
295-309 Lafayette St., New York

Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Bäjér & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Sole Agents for United States.



III.

Bitters? Tonic or cocktail? Answer: **Caron!** It is one better than the best.
Oct. C. Blache & Co., New York, Gen'l Distrs.

HIS KICK.

"But why do you talk of getting a divorce? You told me yourself that I make biscuits just like your mother used to make."
"That's the reason."—*Houston Post*.

UNCLE JERRY PEEBLES was about to start on a week's visit to the country. "Have you got everything?" asked Aunt Ann Peebles. He looked through his valise.

"No, by George!" he exclaimed. "I've forgot my sheet of sandpaper." "What does he want of that?" inquired Nephew Bill, as the old gentleman went to hunt it up.

"He has to sandpaper his heels every other morning," explained Aunt Ann, "to keep from wearing holes through his socks."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Walk, — You, Walk!

IN response to the many requests from our readers for copies of the poem which appeared in *PUCK* several years ago, entitled:

**“WALK,
— YOU,
WALK!”**

We have issued it as a *Booklet*, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

Ten Cents per Copy.

Admirers of this famous poem will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form.



Address **PUCK**, 295-309 Lafayette St., New York

A SERIOUS MATTER.

"I suppose we will soon be hearing the joke about the big fish that got away."

"My friend," replied the fisherman, "with food at present prices the fish that gets away is not a joke. It is a calamity!"—*Washington Star*.

YOUNG FEATHERLY. — Of Shakespeare's plays I think I prefer "Richelieu."

MISS CLARA. — Er—but Shakespeare did not write "Richelieu," Mr. Featherly.

YOUNG FEATHERLY (with a tolerant smile).—Ah! I see, Miss Clara, you are one of the few left who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. I wonder if the question will ever be satisfactorily settled?—*N. Y. Times*.

"PAW, what is the great continental divide?"

"It is the final division of the continent, my son, between the Morgans and the Guggenheims!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves:
Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Stomach Disorders,
and

CONSTIPATION
AT ALL DRUGGISTS



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

HALF THE COST OF IMPORTED

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, **GREAT WESTERN** was the Only One Awarded the Gold Medal at Paris Exposition, 1900.

Your Grocer or Dealer can Supply You Sold Everywhere

Pleasant Valley Wine Co.
Rhine, N. Y.

Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

"I should n't mind having my contributions paid for on publication, were it not —"

"What?"

"That my meals have to be paid for on acceptance!"—*Lippincott's*.

MR. L. S. DEE.—I saw the Count kiss you in the conservatory. Why didn't you tell him stop?

MRS. L. S. DEE (demurely).—Why, you know, I can't speak French.—*M. A. P.*



IV

—*Lustige Woche*.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Now," said the Suffragette orator, sweeping the audience with her eagle eye, "I see Mr. Dobbs sitting down there in the third row—a man who has condescended to come here to-night and listen to our argument. He has heard what I have had to say, and I think we should like to hear from him, and get a man's view of our cause. Mr. Dobbs, tell us what you think of the Suffragettes."

"Oh, I could n't, m-m-ma'am," stammered Mr. Dobbs. "I rur-really c-could n't. Thu-there are l-l-l-ladies pup-present."—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE JOKE ON HER.

THE FRIEND.—Your wife does n't appear to be in very good humor.
HUSBAND.—No; she thinks I've invited you to dinner.—*Jean Qui Rit*.

BRIGGS.—They say the French are deteriorating.

GRIGGS.—I know it. The last time I was over in France I could n't even make them understand their own language.—*Life*.

MRS. NEWRICH (who has advertised for a pianist).—So you are the music-teacher that answered my advertisement?

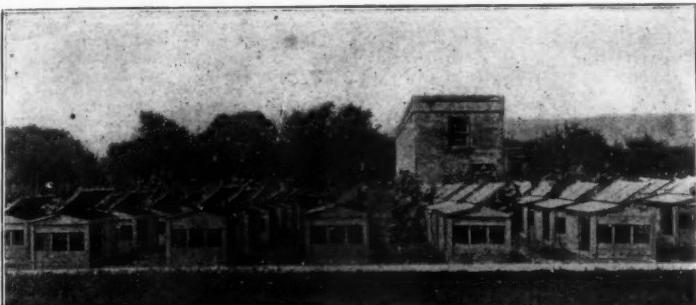
PIANIST.—Yes ma'am.

MRS. NEWRICH.—Well, sit down here and play a couple of duets so that I can see what you can do.—*Tit-Bits*.

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

\$1,500.00 From 60 Hens in Ten Months on a City Lot 40 Feet Square

To the average poultryman that would like to make a living and when we tell you that we have actually done a \$1,500 per month business with 60 hens on a corner in the city garden 40 feet wide by 40 feet long we are simply stating facts. It would not be possible to get such returns by any one of the systems of poultry keeping recommended and practised by the American people, still it can be accomplished by the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A PORTION OF A POULTRY PLANT WHERE 5,000 PEDIGREE WHITE ORPINGTONS ARE RAISED ON LESS THAN A HALF ACRE. BROODER-HOUSE IN BACKGROUND.

PHILO SYSTEM

THE PHILO SYSTEM IS UNLIKE ALL OTHER WAYS OF KEEPING POULTRY

and in many respects just the reverse, accomplishing impossible, and getting unheard-of results that are hard to believe without seeing.

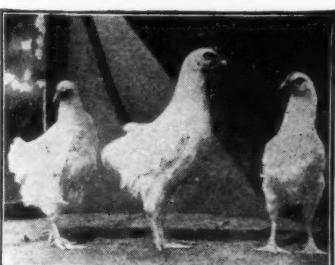
THE NEW SYSTEM COVERS ALL BRANCHES OF THE WORK NECESSARY FOR SUCCESS from selecting the breeders to marketing the product. It tells how to get eggs that will hatch, how to hatch nearly every egg and how to raise all the chicks hatched. It gives complete plans in detail, how to make everything necessary to run the poultry business and at less than half the cost required to handle the poultry business in any other manner.

TWO-POUND BROILERS IN EIGHT WEEKS are raised in a space of less than a square foot to the broiler, without any loss, and the broilers are of the very best quality, bringing here three cents a pound above the highest market price.

Our Six-Months-Old Pullet are Laying at the Rate of 24 Eggs Each per Month in a space of two square feet for each bird. No green cut bone of any description is fed, and the food used is inexpensive as compared with what others are using.

The new book, the *PHILO SYSTEM OF POULTRY KEEPING*, gives full particulars regarding these wonderful discoveries, with simple, easy-to-understand directions that are right to the point, and 15 pages of illustrations showing all branches of the work from start to finish.

DON'T LET THE CHICKS DIE IN THE SHELL One of the secrets of success is to save all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.



THREE-POUND ROASTERS TEN WEEKS OLD

"How do you like the new oatmeal soap?" inquired the barber.

"Seems nourishing," replied the customer, "but I've had my breakfast." —*Washington Herald*.

Puck's Original Drawings

The Original Drawing of any Illustration in PUCK may be bought by persons who desire

A Fine Birthday Present,
A Suitable Euchre-Party Prize,
An Appropriate Picture for the Parlor,
Library or "Den,"

Or who wish to use them for decorative purposes generally.

Price, Size and Character of Drawing will be sent on application.

Give number of PUCK and Page, and address

PUCK, NEW YORK.

Special Offer

Send \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the *Poultry Review*, a monthly magazine devoted to progressive methods of poultry keeping, and we will include, without charge, a copy of the latest revised edition of the Philo System Book.

E. R. PHILO,
1865 Lake St.

Elmira, N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS *Cortez CIGARS* -MADE AT KEY WEST-

HELLO, BROTHER!



Don't Delay—Send TO-DAY!

National Sportsman, Inc., 78 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

THEIR VERDICT.

"Fetch the body," ordered the foreman of a Texas coroner's jury.

The body was laid before them. The jury made a careful examination and questioned the attending surgeon.

"Whar was he shot?"

"Square through the heart."

"Dead in the centre o' the heart?"

"Right in the centre."

"Who shot him?"

"Jake Daniels."

A dozen witnesses declared that Jake fired the shot, and Jake himself admitted it.

"Well, gentlemen of the jury," said the coroner, "what's your verdict?"

"Waal, Jedge," answered the foreman, "we've come to the conclusion that Jake Daniels is the dandiest shot in these parts—and don't you forget it." —*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

POET.—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates?

EDITOR.—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish it inserted? —*Cleveland Leader*.

"WHAT'S the matter?"

"Cold or something in my head."

"Must be a cold, old man." —*Lipincott's*.



Just Observe for Yourself—Pronounced Individuality and a Flavor more satisfying than mere words can describe, are Blatz exclusive characteristics—so declare those who really appreciate character and quality in table beer.

BLATZ

MILWAUKEE
THE FINEST BEER EVER BREWED

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO. MILWAUKEE
ASK FOR IT AT THE CLUB, CAFE OR BUFFET
INSIST ON "BLATZ"
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED DIRECT

Laugh and Grow Fat !

Take PUCK and Laugh !!

Yes, this is a Come-On!

He's come on
to Subscribe for

Puck

The Foremost Humorous Paper of America

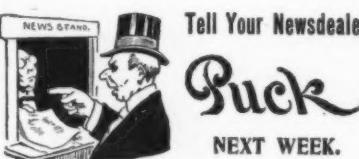


As a Home Paper
PUCK will please you

- ¶ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ¶ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ¶ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ¶ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your newsdealer does not handle PUCK,
ask him to order it for you.



PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send me a liberal package of sample copies of PUCK.

Name
Address

PUCK



I.



II.



III.



DRAWN FROM THE WOOD.

IV.